

*Hymnals*

A

Collection

OF

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*1-6*

H Y M N S,

FOR

*Public Worship.*

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✂ The improper divisions of the verses at the  
bottom of the second page, and in some other  
places, were not noticed, 'till it was too late  
to correct them.



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# HYMNS,

FOR

## *Public Worship.*

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HYMN I.

L. M.

*Watts*  
*God exalted above all praise. Lyric*

**E**TERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite length beyond the bounds,  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

The lowest step above thy seat  
Rises too high for GABRIEL'S feet,  
In vain the tall Arch-angel tries  
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.  
Lord what shall earth, and ashes do?  
We wou'd adore our Maker too,  
From sin, and dust to thee we cry  
The GREAT the HOLY and the HIGH!

Earth from afar has heard the fame,  
And worms have learn't to lisp thy name  
But O, the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in heav'n, and men below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few;  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise fits silent on our tongues.

II. *The Majesty of God.* L. M.

**D**O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,  
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise;  
 But, O what tongue can speak his fame!  
 What mortal verse can reach the theme!  
 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,  
 He, glory like a garment wears;  
 To form a robe of light divine,  
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.  
 To God all nature owes its birth;  
 He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;  
 He rais'd the glorious arch on high,  
 And measur'd out the azure sky.  
 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
 Omnipotence, with wisdom shines;  
 His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,  
 Bear the great impress of his name.

III. *Sincere praise.* S. M.

**A**LMIGHTY Maker God!  
 How wond'rous is thy name!  
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad,  
 Through the Creation's frame.

Nature in ev'ry dress  
 Her humble homage pays,  
 And finds a thousand ways t'express  
 Thine undiffembled praise.

The lark mounts up the sky,  
 With unambitious song;  
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
 Upon her artless tongue.

My soul wou'd rise, and sing  
 To her Creator too,  
 Tain wou'd my tongue adore my king,  
 And pay the worship due.  
 But pride that busy sin,

*Watts  
 Lyric*



Spoils all that I perform;  
 Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.  
 Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain,  
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.

IV. *Creating Wisdom.* C. M. *Wash Lye*

**E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
 Thee, the creation sings:  
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
 And heav'n's high palace rings.  
 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!  
 How glorious to behold!  
 Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly die,  
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.  
 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the gazing sight,  
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground  
 With terror, and delight.  
 Infinite strength, and equal skill  
 Shine thro' the worlds abroad;  
 Our souls with vast amazement fill  
 And speak the builder God.  
 But the sweet beauties of thy grace  
 Our softer passions move;  
 Pity divine in Jesus' face  
 We see, adore, and love.

V. *Divine Providence.* L. M. *Rippon*

**T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design *celestial*  
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,  
 And ev'ry dark or bending line,  
 Meets in the centre of thy love.  
 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view,

Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just, and true.

Thy flock, thy own peculiar care;  
Tho now they seem to roam uney'd,  
Are led, or driven only where  
They best, and safest may abide.

They neither know, nor trace the way,  
But trusting to thy piercing eye;  
None of their feet to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail, or die.

My favor'd soul shall meekly learn,  
To lay her reason at thy throne,  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

*D. D. D. D. D.* VI. *The Bounties of Providence.* L. M.

**F**ATHER of lights, we sing thy name,  
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;  
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,  
His beams thy pow'r and love display.

Through the wide world thy bounties spread  
Yet millions of our guilty race,  
Though by thy daily bounty fed,  
Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace.

Not so may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;  
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,  
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

So shall our suns more grateful shine,  
And show'rs in sweeter drops shall fall;  
When all our hearts, and lives are thine,  
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

*Prayer* VII. *The Mysteries of Providence.* C. M.

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His Wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will burst  
In blessings o'er your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast  
Unfolding ev'ry hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.

VIII. *The Scriptures.* C. M. *Heale*

**F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
Forever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissfull sound.

O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

Watts

( 6 )

IX. *The Fall of Adam.* C. M.

WITH flowing eyes, and bleeding hearts  
A blasted world survey;  
See the wide ruin sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day.

Adam in God's own image form'd  
From God, and bliss estrang'd,  
And all the joys of paradise,  
For, guilt, and horror chang'd.

Ages of labour, and of grief  
He mourn'd his glory lost;  
At length the goodliest work of heav'n  
Sunk down to common dust.

O, fatal heritage bequeath'd  
To all his helpless race;  
Through the thick maze of sin and woe  
Thus to the grave we pass.  
But O my soul, with rapture hear  
The second Adam's name;  
And the celestial gifts he brings  
To all his seed proclaim.

X. *The fall, and the Recovery of Christ.* L. M.

Watts

A DAM our Father, and our head  
Transgress'd; & Justice doom'd him dead;  
The fiery law speaks all despair,  
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

But O unutterable grace  
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;  
Down to our world the Savior flies,  
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.  
Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,  
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;  
What unknown racks, and pangs he bore!  
Then rose: the law cou'd ask no more.  
Amazing work! look down ye skies,



Wonder, and gaze with all your eyes;  
Ye heav'nly thrones stoop from above,  
And bow to this mysterious love.

XI. *Redemption.* L. M.

**H**E that distributes crowns, and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:  
The Prince of life resigns his breath,  
The King of glory bows to death.  
But see the wonders of his pow'r,  
He triumphs in his dying hour,  
And while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.  
Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,  
And sin was drown'd in Jesus blood;  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.

XII. *Praise for the fountain open'd* C. M.

**T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I as vile as he  
Wash'd all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd to sin no more.

E'er since by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be 'till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

XIII. *The Law, and the Gospel.* L. M.

*Watts* **G**O you that rest upon the law,  
And toil, and seek salvation there,  
Look to the flames that Moses saw,  
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.  
But I'll retire beneath thy cross,  
Savior at thy dear feet I lie,  
And the keen sword that Justice draws,  
Flaming, and red, shall pass me by.

XIV. L. M.

*"Mercy and Truth meeting together in the Gospel"*

**I**NFINITE grace, and can it be  
That heav'n's Supreme shou'd stoop so low,  
To visit one so vile as I,  
One who has been his bitterest foe?  
Am I awake, or do I dream?  
Is the transporting vision true?  
O'er guilt so great can Mercy beam,  
Yet Justice have her honors due?  
O love! beyond conception great,  
That form'd the vast stupendous plan!  
Where all divine perfections meet,  
To reconcile rebellious man.  
There Wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And Justice all her right maintains,  
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,  
While Mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

XV. *The Resurrection of Christ.* P. M.

*O. Dring* **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose,  
The Savior left the dead,  
And o'er our hellish foes,  
High rais'd his conqu'ring head;  
In wild dismay, the guards around.

Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

Lo, the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high Commands

And worship at his feet,  
Joyful they come, and wing their way  
From realms of day, to such a tomb.

Then back to heav'n they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear;  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say " Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead; he rose to day. "

Ye mortals catch the sound,  
Redeem'd by him from hell;  
And send the echo round,  
The globe on which you dwell:  
Transported cry, " Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead, no more to die. "

All hail triumphant Lord,  
who sav'st us with thy blood!  
Wide be thy name ador'd,  
Thou rising, reigning God!  
With thee we rise, with thee we reign,  
And empires gain beyond the skies.

XVI. *Christ an Advocate.* L. M.

**W**HERE is my God? Does he retire  
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?  
Are these weak breathings of desire  
Too languid to ascend the skies?

No Lord, the breathings of desire,  
The weak petition if sincere,  
Is not forbidden to aspire,  
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

Look up my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands,

The glorious Advocate on high,  
 With precious incense in his hands.  
 He Sweetens ev'ry humble groan,  
 He recommends each broken pray'r:  
 Recline thy hope on him alone,  
 Whose pow'r, and love forbids despair.

*Watts*  
*Chard* XVII. *Gods choice of his People.* L. M.

**E**XPAND, my soul, arise and sing  
 The matchless grace of Zion's King;  
 Whose love as ancient as his name,  
 Let all thy powers aloud proclaim.

'Twas he, eternal ages past  
 Form'd his great plan from first to last,  
 And what his arm would e'er fulfil,  
 Stood ever present to his will

He saw with one capacious glance,  
 World upon world to life advance;  
 And fix'd the end, ere time began,  
 Of seraph, reptile, and of man.

Grace deep as the eternal mind,  
 Unutterable grace design'd  
 For man; ere worlds or sin were born,  
 Or angels sung creation's morn.

Then let our souls in humble praise,  
 To Jesus lasting anthems raise;  
 And love eternal be our song,  
 As endless ages roll along.

XVIII. *Confession.* S. M.

*Watts*  
*Lytic* **A**LAS my aching heart!  
 Here the keen torment lies,  
 It racks my waking hours with smart,  
 And frights my slumbring eyes.

How often have I stood

A rebel to the skies,

The calls, and tenders of a God,



Are Mercy's loudest cries!

He offers a' his grace,  
 And all his heav'n to me;  
**Offers!** but 'tis to senseless brass,  
 That cannot feel nor see.  
 Lord 'tis against thy face  
 My sins like arrows rise,  
**And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)**  
 Thy thunder silent lies.  
 O shall I never feel  
 The meltings of thy love?  
**Am I** of such hell-harden'd steel  
 That Mercy cannot move?  
 Now for one pow'rful glance  
 Dear Savior from thy face!  
**This rebel heart no more withstands,**  
 But sinks beneath thy grace.

XIX *Pleading for Mercy* P. M.

**J**ESUS full of all compassion - *J. Turner*  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry,  
 Let me know thy great Salvation,  
 See I languish faint, and die.

Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,  
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
 Send, O send me quick relief!

In the world of endless ruin,  
 Let it never, Lord, be said,  
 "Here's a soul that peril'd suing,  
 For the boasted Savior's aid."

**SAV'D**—the deed shall spread new glory,  
 Through the shining realms above,  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptur'd with thy love.

*Verse XX. Faith in joyful exercise. C. M.*

**W**HEN Faith presents the Savior's death,  
And whispers "THIS IS THINE;"  
Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
And peacefully decline.

While such my views, the radiant sun  
Sheds a more kindly ray;  
Each object smiles, all nature charms,  
I sing my cares away.

*Verse XXI. Admiration and Confidence. L. M.*

**A**ND may I hope that when no more,  
These pulses beat with life below,  
I shall the God of life adore,  
And all the bliss of being know?

Will God, who never cou'd endure  
On sin to look without a frown,  
With a kind smile pronounce me pure,  
And grant me an immortal crown?

Will Jesus, as my surety, place  
Before his Father's glorious throne  
Me; as an heir of sov'reign grace,  
Me, as his own adopted son?

He will;—I read it in his word  
And in my heart the witness feel:  
I shall be with, and like my Lord,  
Though sin oppose in league with Hell.  
I shall be with him when he comes  
Triumphant down the parting skies;  
And when his voice breaks up the tombs,  
Among his children I shall rise.

*Verse XXII. Christian Travellers. L. M.*

**P**ILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,  
Our journey lies along this road;  
This wilderness we travel round  
To reach the city of our God.

Oft have we seen the tempests rise;  
The World, and Satan, Hell, and Sin,  
Like mountains seem to reach the skies,  
With scarce a gleam of hope between.

But still as oft as troubles come,  
Our Jesus sends some cheering ray,  
And that strong arm shall guide us home,  
Which thus protects us by the way.

A few more days, or months, or years,  
In this dark desert to complain,  
A few more sighs a few more tears,  
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

XXIII. *Zacheus.* P. M.

**Z**ACHEUS climb'd the tree  
And thought himself unknown;  
But how surpriz'd was he,  
When Jesus call'd him down!  
The Lord beheld him, though conceal'd,  
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

Wonder, and joy at once  
Were painted in his face;  
"Does he my name pronounce,  
And does he know my case?  
Will Jesus deign with me to dine?  
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

Thus where the Gospel's preach'd,  
And sinners come to hear,  
The hearts of some are reach'd  
Before they are aware:  
The Lord directly speaks to them,  
And seems to point them out by name.

'Tis curiosity  
Oft brings them in the way,  
Only the man to see  
And hear what he can say;

But how the sinner starts to find,  
 The preacher knows his inmost mind.  
 His long forgotten faults  
 Are brought again in view,  
 And all his secrets thoughts  
 Reveal'd in public too;  
 Though compass'd with a crowd about.  
 The searching word has found him out.  
 While thus distressing pain,  
 And sorrow fill his heart,  
 He hears a voice again  
 That bids his fears depart,  
 Then like Zacheus he is blest,  
 And Jesus deigns to be his guest.

XXIV. *The Conversion of a Sinner.* P.

**O**N the brink of fiery ruin  
 Justice with a flaming sword,  
 Was my guilty soul pursuing,  
 When I first beheld the Lord.  
 Terrified with Sinai's thunder,  
 Straight I flew to Calvary;  
 When I saw with joy, and wonder  
 Him by faith, who died for me.  
 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,  
 When to golden harps they sound,  
 Is the voice of sins forgiven,  
 To the soul by Satan bound:  
 Sweet as angels' notes in glory  
 Was that heav'nly voice to me,  
 When I saw the Lord before me,  
 Weep, and die to set me free.

*Newton*

XXV. *The Worlding.* C. M.

**M**Y barns are full, my stores increase,  
 And now, for many years,  
 Soul eat and drink, and take thine ease,



Secure from wants and fears. "

Thus while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume,  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden, awful doom.

This night, vain fool thy soul must pass  
Into a world unknown;  
And who shall then the stores possess,  
Which thou hast call'd thine own. "

Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below;  
Till death disturbs the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to woe.

XXVI. *The great Journey.* L.M.

**B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread,  
Down to the regions of the dead!

Nor will the fleeting moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back the way.

From vital air, from cheerful light,  
To the cold grave's perpetual night,  
From scenes of duty, means of grace,  
Must I to God's tribunal pass!

Important journey! awful view!

How great the change! the scenes how new!

The golden gates of heav'n display'd,  
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade!

Awake my soul; thy way prepare,  
And lose in this, each mortal care;  
With steady feet that path be trod,  
Which through the grave conducts to God.

Jesus, to thee, my all I trust,  
And if thou call me down to dust,  
I know thy voice I bless thy hand,  
And die in smiles at thy command.

XXVII. *Christ the Life of the soul.* L. M.

**I**F my immortal Savior lives  
 Then my immortal life is sure;  
 His word a firm foundation gives.  
 Here let me build, and rest secure.  
 Here let my faith unshaken dwell,  
 Immoveable the promise stands;  
 Nor all the pow'rs of earth, or hell  
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.  
 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;  
 If Jesus is for ever thine,  
 Not death itself, that last of foes,  
 Shall break a union so divine.

## XXVIII. L. M.

*Check*  
*7*  
*Check*  
**B**END sinners, bend, or you must break;  
 You'll sing in heav'n, or groan in hell:  
 Not earth, nor hell combin'd can check,  
 The pow'r of Christ's all conqu'ring will.  
 Ten thousand thunders silent hide  
 Their dying sounds before his voice;  
 He speaks of peace, and empires wide  
 In his all-cheering word rejoice.  
 Before him free salvation flows,  
 Like a broad river full and strong,  
 With crystal streams of life for those,  
 Who worship as he rides along.  
 By him, they live, to him they sing,  
 From him they look for life to come;  
 The Church obeys him as her King,  
 The Church enjoys him as her Home.

XXIX. *National Judgements* L. M. Reader.

**S**EE! God unsheaths his flaming sword,  
 Last guardian of his injur'd word;  
 Hail, tempests, storms his banner rear,

M. While trembling nations hear, and fear.  
 Famine, and plagues, and fire, and Death  
 Stream awful from his angry breath;  
 He shakes the earth, the mountains reel,  
 Nor rocks their old foundations feel.  
 Billows of earth, resistless waves  
 At once prepare ten thousand graves;  
 Its heavy sides fly light as air,  
 And shrieking crowds feel wild despair,  
 See! lofty buildings strew the ground,  
 And fire relentless raves around,  
 Proud palaces in sparks ascend,  
 And thick'ning shades the prey defend.  
 Let Europe hear, let nations learn,  
 And from their daring crimes return;  
 When Heav'n its vengeance flings abroad,  
 Who can resist th' avenging God?

XXX. *Humble importunity.* C.M.

I plead no merits of my own,  
 I've trampled on thy laws,  
 Thy justice, Lord, might strike me dead,  
 But Jesus pleads my cause.

On him I trust my helpless soul,  
 Nor Satan's malice fear;  
 Though hell's black waves against me roll,  
 I'll seek my refuge there.

I'll plead, and pray and never cease,  
 While Jesus lives in heav'n;  
 Till he shall bid me go in peace,  
 And shew my sins forgiv'n.

XXXI. *Praise to the Redeemer.* P.M.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee  
 May a sinner praise thy name?  
 Lord of men, as well as angels,  
 Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.

*Robinson of Cambridge*

Lord of ev'ry land, and nation,  
 Ancient of eternal days,  
 Sounded through the wide creation  
 Be thy just, and lawful praise;  
 For the grandeur of thy nature,  
 Grand beyond a Seraph's thought;  
 For created works of power,  
 Works with skill and kindness wrought:  
 For thy providence which governs  
 Through thine empire's wide domain,  
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
 Blessed be thy gentle reign.  
 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
 Dark through brightness all along;  
 Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
 Who dares sing that awful song?  
 Brightness of the Father's glory  
 Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?  
 Fly my tongue, such guilty silence  
 Sing the Lord, who came to die.

## XXXII. L. M.

*Ezekiel's Vision of the dry bones.*

**L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;  
 See Adam's race in ruin lie;  
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
 And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.  
 But if thy spirit deign to breathe  
 Life spreads through all the realms of death;  
 Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice;  
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.  
 So when thy trumpeter's awful sound  
 Shall shake the heav'n's and rend the ground,  
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,  
 And spring to life beyond the skies.



XXXIII. *Prayer* L.M.

JESUS, our Savior, Brother, Friend,  
 On whom we cast our ev'ry care;  
 On whom for all things we depend;  
 Inspire, and then accept our pray'r.  
 Fill ev'ry soul with humble fear,  
 Our utter helplessness reveal;  
 Satan, and Sin are always near,  
 Thee may we always nearer feel.

XXXIV. *The contrite heart.* C.M.

THE Lord will happiness divine  
 On contrite hearts bestow;  
 Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
 A contrite heart, or no?  
 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
 Insensible as steel;  
 If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
 To find I cannot feel.  
 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
 To love thee, if I cou'd;  
 But often feel another mind,  
 Averse to all that's good.  
 My best desires are faint, and few,  
 I fain wou'd strive for more;  
 But when I cry "--My strength renew"--  
 Seem weaker than before.  
 Thy faints are comforted, I know,  
 And love thy house of pray'r;  
 I therefore go, where others go,  
 But find no comfort there.  
 O make this heart, rejoice, or ache,  
 Decide this doubt for me;  
 And if it be not broken, break,  
 And heal it, if it be.

*Q. D. R. S. e.*

XXXV., Room at the Gospel feast. C.M.

**T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,  
And dainties crown the board,  
Not paradise with all its joys,  
Cou'd such delight afford.

Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd  
In sin's dark mazes, come,  
Come from the hedges, and high ways,  
And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls in glory now,  
Were fed, and feasted here;  
And millions more still on the way  
Around the board appear.

Yet is his house, and heart, so large,  
That millions more may come,  
Nor cou'd the wide assembling world  
O'er fill the spacious room.

All things are ready; come away,  
Nor weak excuses frame;  
Crowd to your places at the feast,  
And bless the founder's name.

XXXVI. L.M.

*Creation, and Redemption.*

**C**REATION's works in all their forms,  
From rolling stars, to creeping worms,  
In never ceasing concord join  
To sing thy name, thy pow'r divine.  
But when the dawn of heav'n we view,  
In ruin'd sinners form'd anew,  
When in the gospel's brighter skies,  
We see the Sun of glory rise;  
No more we ask the stars to tell,  
What Jesus only cou'd reveal;  
In him AT ONCE our eyes behold  
More than creation EVER told.

*The Gospel the power of God unto Salvation.*

**H**OW shall we get our crimes forgiv'n.  
 Or form our natures fit for heav'n?  
 Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin  
 Make their own pow'rs and passions clean?  
 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
 'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh:  
 'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell,  
 As save rebellious souls from hell.

## XXXVIII. P.M.

*The Influence of the Spirit desir'd.*

**E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
 Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,  
 Descend, and with celestial heat  
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire,  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume!  
 Come CONDESCENDING spirit come!

In our cold breasts, O strike a spark  
 Of the pure flame which seraphs feel,  
 Nor let us wander in the dark,  
 Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.  
 Come VIVIFYING spirit, come,  
 And make our hearts thy constant home.

Whatever guilt and madness dare,  
 We wou'd not quench the sacred fire:  
 Our hearts as fuel we prepare,  
 Though in the flames we shou'd expire:  
 Our breasts expand to make thee room;  
 Come PURIFYING Spirit, come.

XXXIX. L.M. *W. J. Davis**Satan repulsed, and despair prevented.*

**T**IS false, thou vile Accuser, go,  
 I see through all the thin disguise,  
 Back to thy native realms below,



Thou parent of deceit and lies.  
 Presumptuous thought! to fix a bound,  
 To limit Mercy's sov'reign reign;  
 What other happy souls have found.  
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.  
 I own my guilt, thy charge confess,  
 Nor can thy malice make it more;  
 Of crimes already numberless  
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.  
 Set the black list before my sight,  
 While I remember Jesus died  
 'Twill only urge my speedier flight  
 To seek salvation at his side.

*XL. Before Sermon. L. M.*

**A**ND will the great eternal God,  
 Whose potent hand the thunder forms,  
 Descend to this polluted clod,  
 And converse hold with sinful worms?  
 Yes—'tis his word that cheers our souls  
 His mighty word the promise gives,  
 His word which shakes the starry poles,  
 His sacred word which ever lives!  
 From his own lips the promise came:  
 When of his saints but two or three  
 Assemble in their Savior's name,  
 There will the King of glory be.

*XLI. The Kingdom of Immanuel exalted. L. M.*

**R**IDE on and prosper, Kings of Kings  
 'Till all the pow'rs of hell resign  
 Their dreadful trophies at thy feet  
 And endless glory shall be thine.

Go with thy Servants, gracious Lord,  
 And bid them tread the tempter down;  
 Be more than conqu'ror by thy word,  
 And wear the Universal Crown.



Soon shall the monster, Sin, submit  
His hateful sceptre to thy call;  
Death, and Death's Author soon shall die,  
And Jesus Christ be All in All.

XLII. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

**O** THOU, at whose almighty word  
The glorious light from darkness sprung!  
Thy quick'ning influence afford,  
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.  
Though 'tis thy truth he hopes to speak,  
He cannot give the hearing ear;  
'Tis thine, the stubborn heart to break,  
And make the careless sinner fear,  
So when of old, the water flow'd  
Forth from the rock, at thy command,  
Moses in vain had wav'd his rod,  
Without thy wonder-working hand.

XLIII L. M.

*The presence of God compar'd with the enjoyment  
of the world.*

**B**LEST with thy company my God,  
Amidst the visions of thy face,  
Earth is a despicable clod,  
Nor does it wear one tempting grace.

Its wealth is but a painted toy,  
Its honor, but an airy sound,  
Its pleasure, but a drop of joy,  
That often leaves a fest'ring wound.

As flames ascend to join the sun,  
As rivers hasten to the sea,  
So to thine arms, my God, I run,  
To find my life, my all in thee.

XLIV. *The Glories of God in pardoning  
sinners.* P. M.

David

GREAT God of wonders! all thy way  
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine,  
 But the fair glories of thy grace  
 More godlike, and unrival'd shine:  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace, so rich, and free?  
 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
 Such guilty, daring worms to spare!  
 This is thy grand prerogative,  
 And none shall in the honor share,  
 Who is a pard'ning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace, so rich, and free?

XLV. *Flesh and Spirit.* C. M. Reader.

WHAT jarring principles divide  
 An heir of heav'n below!  
 Two mighty hosts on either side  
 With hostile ardor glow.

Grace reigns enthron'd, and Sin retires,  
 A moment, quite asham'd;  
 Yet soon rekindles all its fires,  
 With hellish rage inflam'd.

Such is the strife of Heav'n and Hell,  
 Maintain'd within my breast,  
 'Till Heav'n th' infernal Furies quell,  
 And give my spirits rest.

XLVI. *The bruised reed, and smoking flax.* L. M.

David

WEAK in myself, and burden'd too,  
 Lo here I am a bruised reed;  
 And see-th' Almighty Conqueror come  
 And I might feel his angry tread.  
 But O the condescending grace,  
 The humble pity of his soul,  
 He sees the straw, he sees its state,  
 Stoops down, supports, and makes it whole.  
 If e'er his love inflam'd my breast,

Alas! 'tis just expiring now:  
A dying snuff is all remains,  
And furious storms against it blow.

Deep in the socket of my heart  
The flame breaks, catches, quivers, dies,  
But Jesus breathes upon the spark,  
And the fresh oil of joy supplies.

LVII. *Sinners, and Saints in the Wreck of*  
*Nature.* L. M. *Davis*

**H**OW great, how terrible that God  
Who shakes creation with his nod!  
He frowns—Earth, sea, all nature's frame  
Sink in one universal flame.  
Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck;  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown?  
See rocks, like snow dissolving down.  
In vain for mercy now they cry;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;  
There on the flaming billows tost,  
For ever—O for ever lost.

But faints undaunted and serene  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;  
Your Savior lives, though World's expire,  
And earth, and skies dissolve in fire.

XLVIII. *Eternity.* L. M. *Medley*

**I**NTO a frame of holy awe,  
Bless'd Spirit, now our spirits draw;  
Thy sweet, thy solemn influence bring  
While of Eternity we sing.  
Eternity! the dread abode  
The habitation of our God  
Eternity! tremendous sound!  
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.  
But an Eternity there is,

Of dreadfull woe, or joyfull blifs;  
And fast as time fulfils its round,  
We to Eternity are bound.

Ah! canst thou sinner bear to dwell  
In all the fiery deeps of hell,  
And is death nothing then to thee,  
Death, and a dread Eternity?

Ye saints in stedfast FAITH look up,  
Rejoicing in your glorious hope,  
THIS, everlasting blifs secures:  
God, and eternity are yours.

XLIX *Jefus the bright, & morning Star.* L. M.

*Be Dox* YE worlds of light, that roll so near  
The Savior's throne of shining blifs,  
O tell how mean your glories are,  
How faint, and few, compar'd with his.  
We sing the bright, and morning star,  
(Jefus the spring of light and love)  
See how its rays diffus'd from far,  
Conduct us to the the realms above.  
Its chearing beams spread wide abroad,  
Point out the puzzled's christian's way;  
Still as he goes, he finds the road,  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.  
When shall we reach the heav'nly place,  
Where this bright star will brightest shine;  
Leave far behind these scenes of light,  
And view a lustre so divine;

L. *Christ the sinners refuge,* P. M.

JESUS, lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide  
'Till the storm of life is past,



Safe into the haven guide  
 O receive my soul at last.  
 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring  
 Cover my defenceless head,  
 With the Shadow of thy wing.

LI *Divine Peace.* P.M.

**P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan  
 Hath taught the rocks the notes of woe,  
 Cease thy complaints, suppress thy groan,  
 And let thy tears forget to flow:  
 Behold the precious balm is found,  
 Which lulls thy pain, which heals thy wound.  
 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,  
 Unburden here thy weighty load;  
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,  
 Safe on the bosom of thy God:  
 Thy God, thy Savior, glorious word!  
 That sheathes th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.  
 As spring the winter, day the night,  
 Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away,  
 And smiling Joy a seraph bright,  
 Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay:  
 Whilst Glory weaves th' immortal crown,  
 And waits, and claims thee for her own.

99 LII. *Not ashamed of Christ.* L.M.

**J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,  
 A mortal man, ashamed of thee!  
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,  
 Whose glories shine through endless days!  
 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far

Let ev'ning blush to own a star,  
 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon  
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon.

Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,  
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend,  
 No! when I blush be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,  
 When I've no guilt to wash away,  
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
 'Till then, I boast a Savior slain!  
 And O may this my glory be,  
 That Christ is not asham'd of me!

LIII. *The Christian Surrender.* P. M.

**W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
 Welcome to this heart of mine:

Lord I make a full surrender,  
 Ev'ry pow'r, and thought be thine,  
 Thine entirely, through eternal ages thine.

Thousand, thousand sad resorters,

All th' attendant host of sin,  
 Will and must become usurpers,

If thyself be not within:

Come, Lord Jesus, let thy glorious train be seen.

Known by all to be thy mansion,

Earth, and hell will disappear;

Or in vain attempt possession,

When they find the Lord so near,

Shout, O Zion, Shout, ye faints, the Lord is here.

LIV. *On the Death of Christ.* L. M. Reader.

**A**NGELS attend your Sov'reign slain  
 Feel if you can, his mighty pain;  
 For mortal breasts can never know

Half of his agonizing woe.  
 O'erwhelm'd he sinks, his heart gives way,  
 And Justice triumphs o'er its prey;  
 But in his death Salvation's born—  
 So clouds fly off, and yield to morn.  
 Whilst thus the slaughter'd Lamb we view,  
 Our grateful pow'rs his praise renew;  
 Around his board we'd sit and sing,  
 'Till heav'n's all glorious morning spring.

LV. *The eternal Sabbath.* L.M. *Doan*

**L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
 On this thy day, in this thy house;  
 And own as grateful sacrifice,  
 The songs which from the desert rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above,  
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;  
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place:  
 No groans to mingle with the songs,  
 Which waile from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;  
 No cares to break the long repose;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day begin;  
 Dawn on these realms of woe, and sin:  
 Fain wou'd we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in Death to rest with God.

LVI. *Sanctification.* C.M. *Doan*

**D**EAR Lord, we pant for holiness,  
 And inbred sin we mourn,  
 To the bright path of thy commands  
 Our wand'ring footsteps turn.



Not more sincerely wou'd we wish  
To climb the heav'nly hill,  
Than here with all our utmost pow'r  
Thy model to fulfil.

LVII. *Evangelical Obedience.* C.M.

*Prose* **H**OW long beneath the law I lay  
In bondage, and distress!  
I toil'd the precept to obey,  
But toil'd without success.

*Stanzas* Then to abstain from outward sin,  
Was more than I cou'd do;  
Now if I feel its pow'r within,  
I feel, and hate it too.

Then all my servile works were done  
A righteousness to raise;  
Now freely chosen in the son  
I freely choose his ways.

To see the law by Christ fulfil'd,  
And hear his pard'ning voice  
Changes a slave into a child,  
And duty into choice.

*New* LVIII. *Before Sermon.* L.M.

**W**HEN Peter through the tedious night  
Had often cast his net in vain;  
Soon as the Lord appear'd in sight,  
He gladly let it down again.

Once more the gospel net we cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;  
We learn from disappointment past,  
To rest our hope on thee alone.

*Misery* LIX. *The spread of the Gospel.* L.M.

*Call* **B**RIGHT as the Sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his controul;



So Jesus let thy Kingdom come,  
Then Sin, and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall at its brightness flee away,  
The Dawn of an eternal day.

M. Then shall thy lofty praise resound  
On Afric's shores, through India's ground,  
And Islands of the Southern sea,  
Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.

Then shall the Jew, and Gentile meet,  
In pure devotion at thy feet;  
And earth shall yield thee as thy due,  
Her fulness, and her glory too.

O! that from Britain now might shine,  
This heav'nly light—this truth divine!  
'Till the whole Universe shall be,  
But one great temple, Lord, for thee.

*Power* LX. *Exhortation to prayer.* L. M.

**W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there.

Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,  
Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words; ah! think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creatur's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heav'n in supplication sent,  
Your cheerfull song wou'd oft'ner be,  
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

*Adison*

( 32 )

LXI. *Gratitude.* C.M.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.  
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,  
From whence those comforts flow'd.  
Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts,  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.  
Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But Oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

*Heale*

LXII. *Heavenly Worship.* L.M.

**O**FOR a sweet inspiring ray  
To animate our feeble strains,  
From the bright realms of endless day,  
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.  
There low before his glorious throne,  
Adoring saints, and angels fall;  
And with delightful worship own  
His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.  
He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs  
To boundless rapture while they gaze;  
Ten thousand, thousand joyful tongues  
Resound his everlasting praise.  
Dear Savior! let thy Spirit seal  
Our title to that blissful place;  
'Till Death removes this earthly veil  
And glory crowns thy saving grace.

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